THE POOR BLIND BOY.

O Say! what is that thing call'd light,
Which I can ne'er enjoy,
What is the bleſſing of the ſight
Come tell a poor blind boy.

You talk of wond'rous things you ſee,
You ſay the ſun ſhines bright,
I feel it warm but how can I,
Diſcern the day from night.

My day and night myſelf I make,
When e'er I ſleep I play,
And could I always keep awake,
It would be always day.

With heavy ſighs I often hear,
You mourn my hapleſs woe,
But ſure with patience I may bear,
A loſs I ne'er can know.

Then let not what I cannot have,
My peace of mind deſtroy,
For while I ſing, I am a king,
Altho' a poor blind boy.

Altho' I've loſt my precious ſight,
I have one gift in ſtore,
It's here and there I get a mite,
And I deſire no more.

My ſight by lightning I have loſt,
From which God keep all free,
I hope good Chriſtians as I paſs by,
You'll all conſider me.

I was a ſeaman ſtout and bold,
And plow'd the ocean wide,
Both king and country I have ſerv'd,
In which I do take a pride.